

Father's Counsel Carries Most Weight with Boy

The Use of Fathers.
DISCUSSING the uses of fathers in Harper's Magazine, an economist of the domestic variety contends that it is possible to utilize fathers in other ways than as mere providers. Among other directions in which the supposed head of the house might be used to advantage the writer offers these:

With the average boy the father's counsel carries more weight than the mother's, because the boy thinks the father understands his situation better than a mother can. The father already moves and has his being in that world, and if the boy respects his father he is apt to respect his opinion as to matters whereof the father has had experience and the son not.

As to girls, it is reported by persons in a position to observe to advantage the girls of this generation that many of them emerge from the contemporary processes of education with ideas, standards and intentions of their own, so definite and positive as to bring the contemporary mother to confusion and dismay. The mother has her views and plans for her daughter's next proceedings; wise plans, probably, based on sound experience, but the education of women has changed very much in a generation and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that it should be a common thing for such a disparity to obtain between the mother's hopes and the daughter's preference as to strain maternal patience and filial affection. At such crisis a father, knowing less about the particular mood in which it is proper that girls should be run, is apt to be less scandalized than the mother at the reluctance of his own girl to run in it. Sympathizing with both attitudes, he is sometimes able to temper both the mother's expectations and the daughter's reluctance, and so ease along the modification of tradition and help to keep peace and love in the family.

No father wants to throw a daughter away. Mothers in their perplexity sometimes feel that it is a choice between that and running away themselves. To see that neither disaster happens is a worthy work of which even so fallible a father may contribute very much, provided he brings to the task a proper spirit of patience and humility.

And contrariwise, when the mother sees only with the daughter's eyes and has no wishes but hers, and is ready to be her domineer and her drudge—in that wheel, too, a father can be an important spoke and make it turn in better accord with natural propriety.

White House China.

Writing of "The White House Collection of Presidential Ware" in the October Century, Abby G. Baker, to whom was intrusted the work of perfecting the collection, says:

"One morning, soon after the collection was put in order, Colonel Symons, who was enthusiastically interested in all things historical pertaining to the White House, in emulation of a custom which had been followed by many of the chief executives asked the president and Mrs. Roosevelt to plant a tree on the south lawn of the mansion. After the simple ceremony was over, as they came back to the house, they passed through the east corridor and stopped to admire the cabinets of china. 'I tell you, Symons,' exclaimed the president, with his characteristic energy, 'this is a fine beginning; but it ought to be carried on now until it constitutes a real representative of our administration.'"

"The president's wife agreed with him, and while delegating the search for and the identification of the ware to the writer, Mrs. Roosevelt has, by unremitting interest and endeavor, almost made, and ultimately will make, the complete collection an accomplished fact. The work has been carried steadily forward, although it has not been an easy matter to secure the ware which is of such historic as well as intrinsic value. Through the public press it was made known that the collection had been started, and in order to secure their cooperation wherever it was possible the descendants of the presidents were corresponded to or seen personally, and a number of valuable contributions were secured in that way. From the first Mrs. Roosevelt desired that the collection should be a patriotic one, and that the pieces for it should either be given or lent, rather than purchased. While this has sometimes added to the difficulty of obtaining the ware, it has made the collection of vastly more worth."

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Girl Spends \$11,700 a Year.

According to a report filed in the surrogate's office in Newark, N. J., by her father and guardian, it cost just \$35,170.00, or \$11,700 a year, to feed, clothe, house and educate Carolyn H. Dorsett, 12 years old, for the last three years. R. Clarence Dorsett, a New York lawyer, is the father-guardian. The child's income is approximately \$40,000 a year, so in the same period her principal was increased \$2,833, her father says.

Miss Dorsett is the only granddaughter and heir to the late Mrs. Theodore Macknet, whose home was at 98 Broad street, Newark. When she died her estate was left in trust for the little girl, child of her dead daughter, Mrs. Eliza Wawson Dorsett.

Miss Dorsett lives with her father. Her share of the rent is charged up at \$1,500 per year. Then there are servants, horses, and carriages, governess, hotel bills, traveling expenses, and dresses, for all of which the little girl pays her proportion. For a young woman not thing she is extravagant and neither do the trustees.

The Modern Mistress Lo.
 In Indian Territory dwell the Indians that are known as the five civilized tribes—the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles and Creeks—and of all the American Indians these tribes are the most advanced in civilization, the most progressive, and have reached a higher state of development than any

others of the red race. It is here one finds Indians who are orators, statesmen, men of great wealth and business ability, and men successful in all professions, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. And it is among these tribes that one finds modern Mistress Lo—the most refined type of Indian womanhood. She is quite a hundred years removed from savagery, and although education, intermarriage with the white race, and all the processes of her interesting evolution have tended to obliterate Indian customs and many of the Indian characteristics, making modern Mistress Lo to all intents and purposes a white woman, she is yet an Indian, and proudly traces her ancestry to Indian chiefs and warriors. Even those possessing only a fractional part of Indian blood will tell you "I am an Indian" with as much conviction as if they were full-blooded. It is, therefore, somewhat of a surprise, to those who hold the general opinion of the Indian women, to come among her people as they exist today. Among the five civilized tribes of Indian Territory, instead of finding Mistress Lo in front of her wigwam, stolidly pounding corn, with perhaps, her brown papoose strapped to a board beside her—for thus many picture her—she sees her as civilization has transformed her, a handsome correctly groomed woman, well clothed, and paring favorably with her white sisters. She presides over a "wigwam" built after the latest styles of architecture and furnished tastefully, comfortably—often elegantly; she is easily the leader of social affairs in all the town of Indian Territory, and carries on her life with the grace and assurance of any other refined and cultured American woman.

We find among the Indian women of the territory graduates from many of the best educational institutions of the South and East.

Mistress Lo plays an active part in the life of her people. In the territory one meets Indian women who are musicians, artists, writers and teachers; those who are achieving success in professional pursuits and in the business world. It would be a difficult task indeed, to point out all the brilliant women of the territory who boast Indian blood. As a club woman Mistress Lo is quite prominent today. In every town there are literary, musical and social clubs, and among the most enthusiastic workers are Indian women.

Upheaval in Woman's Club.
 As a result of recent gossip concerning the Colony club and its aristocratic members, reports the New York Herald, all but seven of the women employees of the club have been dismissed and men and boys have been hired in their places.

It is understood that the women employees of this woman's club have been talking too much about the affairs of the club and the doings of its members. There are still left in the club the telephone girl and six chambermaids. It is whispered that the young woman at the telephone knows too many secrets of the club and its members that it has been deemed advisable to keep her.

The steward is a man, so is the head butler and so is the time clerk. A man confronts you as you step into the reception hall. If you get any further you run into more men. The club does not seem to be able to run its business without the aid of men.

And the boys, bright eyes, wholesome looking little fellows, in white duck uniforms, are flitting about everywhere. They are the pages.

What the girls who have talked too much have said to the men and boys is not known. Not a member will tell, but some things that happened within the club have become known in quarters where they should not have been known, and there has been some friction, if not trouble.

Some time ago it was whispered in a mysterious way that wine and cigars were for sale in the club. Bills for them made out to members were published. The members wouldn't talk about it at all, but it has been said that there is a belief in the club that some of the girls gave out the bills and told about the wines and cigars.

Feet Increase in Size.

It is now declared by one who has given years of extensive study to it that our feet are not only growing larger, but the increase in size is alarming.

All women, he says, are undergoing this change. He does not put it down to any one reason, but states the fact. In Paris the bootmakers acknowledge that women's feet are larger by inches than they were thirty years ago, and that the orders for shoes show an increase in size every year.

In America there is no hiding the fact that women are wearing larger shoes than ever before. Before this became universal, women tried to hide the fact. Now they openly admit to number sixes and worse.

In the south, where the women do not exercise, the average shoe was a number 1 or 2. Now the southern women wear number 3 and 4 without shame.

One comforting thing is that the feet are not getting wider, although they are persistently getting longer.

At one of the fashionable shoe shops in this city it is said that number 7 is a normal shoe for the average woman who is over 30 years old, but the width remains at A and B.

Only the fat, short feet call for C and D and double A no longer needs to be especially made, as it is now so often ordered that it is kept in stock.

Autumn and the Wedding.

Popular favor has gradually shifted from June as a wedding month to September or October. There is less bridal ostentation, too.

Any church wedding, in town or country, is more or less public, says the New York Evening Post, and many families cherish the belief that the ceremony of marriage should be celebrated within church walls. However, for those who wish to avoid the trouble and expense that such service usually entails, there is the English expedient of invitation, verbally or by note, and a slipping quietly into a church door at said hour. There are no bridesmaid, usually no ushers. There may or may not be maid of honor and best man; there is no music, no display. Afterward bride and bridegroom talk for a few moments with the handful of guests and then are driven away for the honeymoon.

For the home wedding there is nothing prettier than an old-fashioned fashion. Invitations are sent, consistent with the size of the house, but dearest friends and relatives are bidden a half-hour earlier than the rest, and are expected to arrive promptly. They are at once ushered into a room apart from that to be occupied by the other guests. The bride party enters, and the ceremony follows. Then the reception follows, with a full wedding feast, or a buffet supper.

A wedding of this sort should be set for evening, say at 7:30 or 8 o'clock. Where 4 or 5 o'clock was once a favorite time, almost any other hour seems preferable now, although arrangements for going away—train or boat—must necessarily enter into calculations. Eleven o'clock, with a breakfast following, high noon, or even-
 autumn offers decorative schemes as beautiful as June. Massing of red and yellow foliage is a pleasing departure from

the conventional. Goldenrod is pretty, banked by itself or with a background of dark green, or deep red and brown. In decorating a church a better ensemble effect is produced by grouping the flowers entirely at the sides. Careless effects are unsatisfactory. Marking off the aisles is prettily done by ropes of leaves or goldenrod.

One of this autumn's brides is in league with the only professional decorator in her small town, to construct out of a very wide, deep window recess a veritable leafy bower, in which she will be married. A frame-work made of cord will first be stretched overhead in a line with the top of the window casing, and when branches of leaves are intertwined and tiny incandescent lights set among them, it will be reasonably sure to please.

Place cards and souvenirs for the brides-made luncheon are always interesting. Small booklets, two inches by three and a half, with the bride's name engraved in the lower right-hand corner, and inside, vignettes of all the bridesmaids and the bride, are attractive. A "wood" photograph of the bride, or a leather card case, with a small photograph, makes appropriate souvenirs. Silver fern dishes, with monogram, also are acceptable favors.

At one luncheon, recently given, a miniature electric lamp modillion shade studded with small jewels was at each place. In the center of each of four round tables was one of those round-shaped Japanese shades, with a low lamp placed beneath. From each of its lacquered ribs there

stretched to the edge of the table a string of small autumn leaves.

Leaves are suggestive of many methods of garnishing a table. The cloth that entirely covers the table again becomes popular. It permits of a wider scope for decoration, and is one the whole, more effective than the dolly.

What Women Are Doing.

The women of Mexico have organized a Mother's congress, the president of which is Señora Luis Gonzalez Cosío Lopez. It will hold a meeting in December, and the object as stated is to advise all mothers who need protection, advice or assistance.

Dr. Mary Crawford of New York City, is probably the only woman ambulance surgeon in the world, and has proved her ability to hold the position upon more than one occasion. Twice recently she found herself obliged to manage a crazy man, and did it with sufficient skill and physical force to overcome the dangerous patient.

Miss Helen Taft, who is getting ready her room at Bryn Mawr for the winter, is covering the walls of her den with portrait panels and cartoon friezes of her mother, pen and ink sketches being placed between. She will have a special wire to get the news of her father's election as soon as possible, and expects to celebrate in quite a grand way when the time comes.

Queen Lenora of Bulgaria is planning to open a school for her blind subjects similar to the one in Bucharest. She is described as a very benevolent woman and deeply interested in everything that promises amusement or comfort for the blind.

Miss Helen Gould seems to have a great deal of sentiment where the memory of her father is concerned. She has never taken off mourning, although she wears grays and white when the occasion seems to demand that she wear

something else than black. Her favorite dress is at Roxbury, N. Y., and it is the house where her father, the late Jay Gould, was born. She has had it enlarged and very much beautified this summer.

Dr. Ida Kahn, a Chinese woman physician, who took her degree several years ago from the University of Michigan, has returned to this country to take a post-graduate course in Johns Hopkins. Miss Kahn is a missionary for the Methodist Episcopal church and opened the city of Nanchang to missionaries after it had been forbidden ground for some time. She accomplished this by curing the wife of Taitai Tiao, the viceroy.

Miss Mabel F. Morse of Haverhill, Mass., leaves next month for India, a volunteer in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Miss Morse is a graduate nurse of the Massachusetts General hospital, and while connected with its staff won herself a perfect which now makes her comfortably independent. For this reason she will not accept a salary from the missionary society. While she expects to take a position on the staff of a hospital, her chief purpose in going to India is to teach the native women how to properly care for their sick and unfortunate. She intends to devote seven years to this work.

According to the latest reports there are but two professions that the persistent American woman had failed to enter. She has not as yet got in the Marine corps or ranks of sailors, nor are they any female telephone or telegraph linemen. There are said to be 1,011 women architects, 3,373 engineers, 78 dentists, 1,000 lawyers, 37,415 teachers, 7,433 bookkeepers, 53,246 clerks, 944 commercial travelers, 1,307 claims in banks, 3,433 manufacturers, 19,999 packers and shippers, 36,118 stenographers, 2,046 telegraph operators, 232 undertakers, 545 carpenters, 267 masons, 1,700 painters and glaziers, 125 plumbers, 1,309 miners and 133 blacksmiths.

New Evening Wraps and Carriage Coats

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Pictureque-ness runs riot among the new evening wraps and carriage coats, and though it seemed last year that designers had said a difficult task indeed, to point out all the brilliant women of the territory who boast Indian blood. As a club woman Mistress Lo is quite prominent today. In every town there are literary, musical and social clubs, and among the most enthusiastic workers are Indian women.

The wonderful beauty of the new materials is to a considerable extent responsible for these results. Such satins as are offered this fall have never been achieved before, and not only is the texture of the fabrics marvelous, but the range of coloring transcends in beauty anything we have known before. Naturally the designers have made lavish use of these exquisite satins, but

crapes of the chameuse description are many and beautiful, and here again gold and silver almost invariably enter into the design. Graceful capelike models draped over the arms and jabotting in soft folds down the fronts are sometimes made quite without trimmings save for handsome gold ornaments catching up the sleeve drapery and holding the folds on the shoulders, and perhaps the fronts. Here the drapery must be of classic and artistic character, for the cachet and beauty of the garments is entrusted wholly to its lines and to the beauty of its material.

More elaborate coats on the order of the one sketched for this page have loose sleeves apparently cut in one with the shoulder, though this effect is often secured in the new coats by hiding the armhole under skilfully applied trimmings. Though the sleeve is loose it clings to the outer arm, defining the shoulder.

In the model of the picture the trimmings, which formed a yoke running down over the sleeve top and quite to the shortened waist line in front and back, was made of heavy cord almost as large as rope

throat and frogging or buttons and loops down the entire length on each side of the front. These capes are in light colored broadcloth and usually relieved by black, with perhaps touches of gold.

Leaves from Fashion's Note Book.
 Evening gowns have a great deal of embroidery on the skirt and the bodice is evidently to maintain a long uninterupted line from shoulder to feet.

Rather smart with the new felt models are the large veils with a lace pattern running over them, or ring spots with a lace border in various shades of brown.

A beautiful evening dress is of a combination of willow green chameuse with copper and bronze embroideries in dull sequins and beads; with it is worn a wreath of bronze wheat-stalks and copper poppies.

An unusual combination of black and brown is shown in a very wide brimmed hat of bright silky brown beaver with a black velvet band, and a black velvet veil with a thick wreath of black velvet foliage and a great cluster bunch of black peonies.

Damson is a new shade seen in felt and velvet hats and looks exquisite when trimmed with the same color, but in a slightly different tone. Peacock blues and black are worn, both together and apart, and golden brown holds its own.

A lovely little coat of felt de Jouy seen lately had the skirt lined with black velvet upon the chintz design, the quaint birds

Turn and Turn About.
 MEMBER of the diplomatic corps at Washington tells of the commission entrusted to a painter in an Italian town to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of the convent there.

The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work should be finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions and water.

The day for unveiling the fresco arrived. The friars stood around the artist, the curtain was removed. It was no doubt an excellent piece of work, but the saint had his back turned toward the spectators.

"What does this mean?" indignantly demanded the prior.

"Padre," explained the artist, "I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions!"—Harper's Weekly.

Changes in Hair Tints.

Readers of his charming sketches of life in a small town can well understand that William Allen White is wedded to Emporia, Kan., and the newspaper editorial desk which he there adorns. But about twice a year Mr. White, out of a hard sense of duty, wrenches up stakes and comes east. The latest wrench occurred quite recently, and, as ever, therefore, Mr. White appeared in a New York and Philadelphia looking like a walking advertisement for the salubrious qualities of the Kansas climate.

"Why, Mr. White," exclaimed one woman, whom he met at luncheon, aren't you a little stouter than when I saw you last?"

"Probably," said White, "quite probably. I usually am."

And a moment later when he remarked, "What delicious salad!"

"Madam," he answered, "it is more than delicious; it has a real heart-interest."

That same afternoon Mr. White sat in a box at a matinee and looked out over the audience with no small degree of interest. "It's much darker than the last time," he was here," he murmured.

"Darker?" repeated his host.

"Yes, how fashionable in hair changes! Now, only a few years ago this would have been like looking over a box of lemons!"—Cleveland Leader.

Forbearance of "Uncle Joe."

Political opponents of Speaker Cannon boldly charge him with exercising kingly prerogatives as presiding officer of the house, or of representatives and mock his professions of moderate piety.

These envious accusations, in their anxiety to score on the great and good, fall to make allowance for inherited traits. Uncle Joe is descended from kings and saints, and family characteristics naturally dominate in a worthy son of noble sires. Whatever of mystic envelopment the Illinois patriarch vanished before the light turned on his ancestry in Ireland by William E. Curtis, who is now traveling in the Emerald Isle, Mr. Curtis writes to the Chicago Record-Herald as follows:

The other day I came across an ancient record which bears directly upon the ancestry of the speaker of the American house of representatives, who may not be aware of the fact that he is descended from a line of kings. He is also related directly to several prominent saints, although this might have been suspected by those who are intimately acquainted with his character and habits.

Owen More was king of Munster during the reign of King of the Hundred Battles and contended with that monarch for the sovereignty of all Ireland. After defeating Conn in ten contests, he compelled him to divide the island equally between the two, a ridge of sand hills extending from Dublin to Galway being adopted as the boundary.

Gleanings from the Story Teller's Pack

Owen then spent nine years in Spain and married Bessie, daughter of the king of that country. Upon his return to Ireland he landed on the north side of Bantary bay and called the harbor Bessie, in honor of his wife. From Owen and Bessie descended a long line of kings. He was the ancestor of the most distinguished of the Munster nobility. O'Neill O'Connell, his eldest son, succeeded upon the throne and was almost as renowned as a warrior and statesman as his father. Three of his sons, Owen, Cormac, Cas and Clan (who was the father of all the Keen family), were famous fighters. In the year 123 A. D. O'Connell came into collision with Cormac McCarthy and defeated him, driving him southward until the McCarthy clan controlled only the territory along the southern coast.

Niall of the Nine Hostages, a great-grandson of Owen More, was the first of the O'Neill family. And fifth in descent from him was Rory Cannonan, from whom are descended the clan of O'Cannonan, or Cannon as they now call themselves. They were kings of Trinnocell, and were renowned for their firmness of character, combined with gentleness of disposition and steadfastness of purpose, which accounts for a great deal that has happened in the house of representatives at Washington. The O'Cannonan clan has produced many saints, twelve of the family having been beatified by the pope during as many centuries, but I cannot learn of any movement to canonize Uncle Joe.

Owning Orders.
 A laborer was engaged in the grounds of an asylum and received instructions to pay no attention whatever to the remarks of the patients.

Some little time after he commenced work the governor of the asylum, a well-known doctor, looking at the progress of the work, mildly suggested one alteration. The workman dug steadily on and never lifted his head.

The doctor raised his voice, but the man, without answering, went on digging energetically. The doctor threatened, stormed and finally thundered out:

"Do you know who I am?"

The laborer straightened his back, looked at him a minute, and, shaking his head, sorrowfully exclaimed:

"Poor chap! I am sorry for ye, and went on calmly with his work.—St. Louis Times.

Who He Was.

Irvin Cobb tells the story of a little, weary negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said:

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply, "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfactory 'tuh me."

"Nig-gah," roared the big one, "whar you are?"

"Brace up," advised his friend. "Go back and try it again."

"Nope," responded the ejected auditor, "I've had my fling."

That's How It Looked.

The door opened and the young man hit the sidewalk.

This, however, was no achievement. The sidewalk presented more than a fair mark. "What's the matter?" a passing friend said, assisting him to rise.

"I've just asked the girl's father for her hand."

"Brace up," advised his friend. "Go back and try it again."

"Nope," responded the ejected auditor, "I've had my fling."

WOMAN'S NATURE

Is to love children, and no home can be happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering and dread that she looks forward to the hour with apprehension. Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "It is worth its weight in gold."

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